

A
LETTER
FROM 1486 V. A. 36
ITALY,

To the Right Honourable
CHARLES, Lord Halifax.

By Mr. Joseph Addison. 1701.

Together with the
Mourning MUSE of Alexis.
A PASTORAL.

Lamenting the Death of our Late Gracious

QUEEN MARY.

By Mr. Congreve. 1695.

To which is added the
Despairing LOVER.

London: Printed and Sold by H. Hills, in Black-friars,
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МОИ

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СОЛНЦЕ И МАЯКИ

ВОЛНАМ ВОДЫ

СВОИХ СИЛ

СОЛНЦЕ И МАЯКИ

СЛАВОТА

ПЕРЕДАЮЩИЕ ЛЮБОВЬ ОДНОЙ ДРУГИМ

СНЕЖНАЯ

СВОИХ СИЛ

СВОИХ СИЛ

СНЕЖНАЯ

СВОИХ СИЛ

ENTER ITALY,

How am I pleased to see the Hills and Woods
For living Spurts and celebrated Roads ;
To view the New Towns built by the Genius
And taste the cool Climate so fit for Ease,
To see the young Wonders of Industry Sport
And vicar Armies in legions To
O'er the world.

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES, Lord Halifax.

*Salve magna parensi fragum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum tibi res Antiquæ landis & Artis
Aggregior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.*

Virg. Geo. 2.

WHILE you my Lord the rural Shades admire,
And from Britannia's Publick Posts retire ;
No longer her ungrateful Sons to please,
Or their Advantage Sacrifice your Ease ;
Ye into Foreign Realms my Fates conveys,
Through Nations fruitful of Immortal Lays,
Where the soft Season and inviting Clime
Conspire to trouble your Repose with Rhime.

For wheresoe're I turn my ravish'd Eyes
 Gay gilded Scenes and thining Prospects rise ;
 Poetick Fields encompass me around,
 And still I seem to tread on Clasick Ground ;
 For here the Muse so oft her Harp has strung,
 That not a Mountain rears it's Head unsung ;
 Renown'd in Verse each Shady Thicket grows,
 And ev'ry Stream in Heavenly Numbers flows.

How am I pleas'd to search the Hills and Woods
 For rising Springs and celebrated Floods !
 To view the *Nar* tumultuous in his Course,
 And trace the smooth *Clitumnus* to his Sourse ;
 To see the *Mincio* draw his wat'ry Store
 Through the long windings of a fruitful Shore ;
 And hoary *Albula*'s infected Tide
 O'er the warni Bed of smoking Sulphur glide.

Fir'd with a thousand Raptures I survey
Eridanus through flow'ry Meadows stray,
 The King of Floods ! that rolling o'er the Plains
 The Tow'ring Alps of half their Moisture drains,
 And, proudly swoll'n with a whole Winter's Snows,
 Distributes Wealth and Plenty where he flows.

Sometimes misguided by the tuneful Throng
 I look for Streams Immortaliz'd in Song,
 That lost in Silence, and Oblivion lye,
 Dumb are their Fountains, and their Channels dry,
 Yet run for ever by the Muses Skill,
 And in the smooth Description murmur still.

Sometimes to gentle *Tiber* I retire,
 And the fam'd River's empty Shores admire,
 That destitute of Strength derives its Course
 From thrifly Urns and an unfruitful Sourse ;

it sung so often in Poetick Lays,
With Scorn the Danube and the Nile Survey'd,
High the Deathless Muse exalts her Theme!
 Which was the Boyne, a poor Inglorious Stream,
 That in Hibernian Vales obscurely stray'd,
 And unobserv'd in wild Meander's play'd;
 Till by your Lines and Nessian's Sword renown'd
 Rising Billows through the World resound,
 Where'er the Heroe's Godlike Acts can pierce,
 Where the Fame of an Immortal Verse.

 Oh, cou'd the Muse my ravish'd Breast inspire
 With Warmth like yours, and raise an equal Fire,
 Numb'red Beauties in my Verse shou'd shine,
 And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!

 See how the golden Groves around the smile,
 At shun the Coasts of Britain's stormy Isle,
 When transplanted and preserv'd with Care,
 Urse the cold Clime and starve in Northern Air.
 Are kindly warmth their mounting Juice ferments,
 Nobler Tastes and more exalted Scents.

 In the rough Rocks with tender Myrtle Bloom,
 And trodden Weeds send out a rich Perfume.
 Ur me some Gods to Baja's gentle Seats,
 Cover me in Umbria's green Retreats.
 Here Western Gales eternally reside,
 And all the Seasons lavish all their Pride,
 Flossoms and Fruits, and Flowers together rise,
 And the whole year in gay Confusion lies.

 Immortal Glories in my mind revive,
 In my Soul a thousand Passions strive,
 When Rome's exalted Beauties I descry
 Magnificent in Piles of Ruin yec.
 Amphitheater's amazing height
 Fills my Eye with Terror and Delight;

I am de-

That on its publick Shows unpeopled *Rome*, of gaul
 And held unadvised Nations in its Womb.
 Here Pillars rough with Sculpture pierce the Skies,
 And here the proud Triumphal Arches rise,
 Where the old *Romans* dimblets Act's display'd,
 Their base degen'rative Progeny upbraid.
 Whole Rivers here forsake their Fields below,
 And wondring at their height through Airy Channe

Still to new Scenes my wand'ring Muse retires,
 And the dumb show of breathing Rocks admires;
 Where the smooth Chisel all his Force has shown,
 And softed into Flesh the rugged Stone.
 In solemn Silence, a Majestic Band,
 Heroes, and Gods, and *Roman* Consuls stand.
 Stern Tyrants, whom their Cruelties renown,
 And Emperours in *Pavon* Marble frown.
 While the bright Dames to whom they humbly lie
 Still shew the Charms that their proud Hearts sub-

Fain wou'd I *Raphael's* Godlike Art rehearse,
 And shew th' Immortal Labours in my Verie.
 Where from the mingled Strength of Shade and Light,
 A new Creation rises to my Sight:
 Such Heavenly Figures from his Pencil flow,
 So warm with Life his blended Colours glow,
 From Theam to Theam with secret Pleasure toss
 Amidst the soft Variety I'm lost:
 Here pleasing Airs my ravish'd Soul confound
 With circling Notes, and Labyrinths of Sound:
 Here Domes and Temples rise in distant Views,
 And opening Palaces invite my Mus.

How has kind Heaven adorn'd the happy Land!
 And scatter'd Blessings with a walful Hand!
 But what avail her vast haulted Stores,
 In blooming Mountains, and her sunny Shores,

With all the Gifts that Heaven and Earth impart,
The Smiles of Nature, and her Charms of Art;
While proud Oppression in the Valleys reigns,
And Tyranny usurps her happy Plains.
The poor Inhabitant beholds in vain
The red'ning Orange, and the swelling Grain;
Joyless he sees the growing Oys and Vines,
And in the Myrtle's fragrant Shade repines;
Stays in the midst of Nature's Bounty curst,
And in the laden Vineyard dies for Thirst.

Oh *Liberty*, thou Goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of Bliss, and pregnant with delight,
Eternal Pleasures in thy Presence reign,
And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton Train,
Eas'd of her Load, Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks cheerful in thy Sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy Face of Nature gay,
Giv'st Beauty to the Stincking Pleasure to the Day.

Thee Goddess, *Britannia's Isle* adores;
How oft has she exhausted all her Stores,
How oft in Fields of Death thy Presence sought?
Nor thinks the mighty Prize too deably bought
On Foreign Mountains may the Sun refine,
The Grape's fast Juice, and mellow it to Wine,
With Citron Groves adorn a distant Soil,
And the fat Olive swell with floods of Oyl:
We envy not the warmer Climate that lies
In ten Degrees of more indulgent Skies;
Nor at the Courseness of our Heav'n repine,
Tho' o'er our Heads the frozen Pilads shine:
Tis *Liberty* that Crowns *Britannia's Isle*,
And makes her barren Rocks, and her bleak Mountains
(smile).

Others with Tow'ring Piles may please the Sight,
And in their proud aspiring Domes delight.

A nicer touch to the stretch'd Canvas give,
Or teach their animated Rocks to live :
'Tis Britain's Care to watch o'er Europe's Fate,
And hold in Balance each contending State,
To threaten bold presumptuous Kings with War,
And answer her afflicted Neighbour's Pray'r.
The Dane and Swede, rouz'd up by fierce Alarms
Bles the wise Conduct of her Pious Arms.
Soon as her Fleets appear their Terrors cease,
And all the Northern World lies hush'd in Peace.

Th' Ambitious Gall beholds with secret Dread
Her Thunder aim'd at his aspiring Head,
And fain her Godlike Sons wou'd disunite
By Foreign Gold, or by Domestick Spite ;
But strives in vain to Conquer or Divide
Whom Nassau's Arms defend, and Counsels guide.

Fir'd with the Name, which I so oft have found
The distant Climes and different Tongues resound ;
I bridle in my struggling Mule with Pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder Strain.

But Iv'e already troubl'd you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous Song.
My humble Verse demands a softer Theme,
A painted Meadow, or a purling Stream,
Unfit for Heroes; whom Immortal Lays,
And Lines like Virgil's or like yours shou'd praise.

T H E
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ere

THE

Mourning MUSE

OF

ALEXIS,

A

PASTORAL.

*Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem ! Virg.**Alexis and Menalcas.*

1st. Behold, *Alexis*, see the gloomy Shade,
 Which seems alone for Sorrows shelter made,
 Where the glad Beams of Light can never play,
 But Night succeeding, Night excludes the Day ;
 Where never Birds with Harmony repair,
 And lightsome Notes, to cheer the dusky Air,
 So welcome Day, or bid the Sun farewell,
 By Morning Lark, or Ev'ning *Pbilomel*.

No Violet here, nor Daisie, e'er was seen,
 Nor sweetly budding Flow'r, nor springing Green :
 Nor fragrant Myrtle, and the blushing Rose,
 E're baleful Yew with deadly Cypress grows.

Here

Here then, extended on this wither'd Moss,
We'll lie, and thou shalt sing of Albion's Loss ;
Of Albion's Loss, and of Pastora's Death ;
Begin thy Mourful Song, and raise thy tuneful Breath.

Alex. Ah Woe too great ! ah Theme which far exceed
The lowly Lays of humble Shepherds Reeds !

O ! could I sing in Verse of equal Strain,
With the Sicilian Bard, or Mantuan Swain ;
Or melting VVords, and moving Numbers chuse,
Sweet as the British Colins mourning Muse ;
Could I, like him, in tuneful Grief excel,
And mourn like Stella for her Astrofel ;
Then might I raise my Voice, (secure of skill,) P
And with melodious Woe the Valleys fill ;
The lilt'ning Echo on my Song should wait,
And hollow Rocks Pastora's Name repeat ;
Each whistling Wind, and murmur'ring Stream shou
How lov'd she liv'd, and how lamented fell.

Men. Wert thou with ev'ry Bay and Lawrel crown'd,
And high as Pan himself in Song renowned,
Yet would not all thy Art avail to show
Verse worthy of her Name, or of her Woe ;
But such true Passion in thy Face appears,
In thy pale Lips, thick Sighs, and gushing Tears ;
Such tender Sorrow in thy Heart I read,
As shall supply thy Skill, if not exceed.
Then leave this common Form of dumb Distrels,
Each vulgar Grief can Sighs and Tears express,
In sweet complaining Notes thy Passion vent,
And not in Sighs, but Words explaining Sighs, lame

Alex. Wild be my Thoughts, Menales, wild
Artless as Nature's Notes in untaught Birds ; (Wor
Bound

oundless my Verse; and roving by my Strains,
Various as Flow'rs on unfrequented Plains.
And thou *Thalia*, Darling of my Breast,
By whom inspir'd I sung at *Ceram's* Feast.

While in a Ring the jolly Rural Throng

Have sat, and smil'd to hear my cheerful Song;
Begon, with all thy Mirth and sprightly Lays,
My Pipe no longer now thy Pow'r obeys;
Learn to lament, my Muse, to weep, and mourn,
Thy springing Lawrels all to Cypress turn;
Wound with thy dismal Cries the tender Aw,
And beat thy snowy Breast, and rend thy yellow Hair;
From hence, in utmost Wilds thy dwelling chuse,
Begon *Thalia*, Sorrow is my Muse.

I mourn Pastora dead, her Albion shunning O
And Sable Clouds her chalkie Cliffs adoring. N

No more these Woods shall with her sight be blest,
Nor with her Feet these Flow'ry Plains be press'd;
No more the Winds shall with her Tresses play,
And from her balmy Breath steal sweets away;
No more these Rivers chearfully shall pass,
Pleas'd to reflect the Beauties of her Face;
While on their Banks the wond'ring Flock's have stood,
Greedy of Light, and negligent of Food.

No more the Nymphs shall with soft Tales delight H
Her Ears, no more with Dances please her sight;
Nor ever more shall Swain make Song of Mirth,
To bless the joyous Day that gave her Birth:
Lost is that Day, which had from her its Light,
For ever lost with her in endless Night;
In endless Night, and Arms of Death she lies,
Death in Eternal Shades has shut *Pastora's* Eyes.

Lament ye Nymphs, and mourn ye wretched Swains.
Stray all the Flocks, and Desart be the Plains,

Sigh

Sigh all ye Winds, and weep ye Chryſtal Floods,
Fade all ye Flow'rs, and wither all ye Woods,

*I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
And Sable Clouds her chalkie Cliffs adorn.*

Within a dismal Grott, which Damps ſurround,
All cold ſhe lies upon th' unwholsom Ground ;
The Marble weeps, and with a ſilent pace
Its trickling Tears diſtill upon her Face.
Falsly ye weep, ye Rocks, and falsly mourn !
For never will you let the Nymph return !
With a feign'd Grief to the faithleſs Tomb relents,
And like the Crocodile its Prey lament.

O ſhe was Heav'nly fair in Face and Mind !
Never in Nature were ſuch Beauties joyn'd ;
Without all shining, and within all White ;
Pure to the Sense, and pleasing to the Sight ;
Like ſome rare Flow'r, whose Leaves all Colours yield,
And opening is with sweetest Odours fill'd.
As lofty Pines o'er top the lowly Reed,
So did her graceful Height all Nymphs exceed ;
To which excelling Height ſhe bore a Mind
Humble as Oſiers bending to the Wind.
Thus excellent ſhe was —
Ah wretched Fate ! She was, but is no more :
Help me ye Hills, and Valleys to deplore.

*I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
And Sable Clouds her chalkie Cliffs adorn.*

From that bleſt Earth, on which her Body lies,
May blooming Flow'rs, with fragrant Sweets arife ;
Let Myrrha weeping Aromatick Gum,
And ever-living Lawrel ſhade her Tomb.
Thither let all the industrious Bees repair,
Unlade their Thighs, and leave their Hony there ;
Thither let Pbaries, with their Train reſort,
Neglect their Revels, and their Midnight Sport,

There

There in unusual wailings waste the Night,
And watch her by the Fiery Glow-worms Light.

There may no dismal Yew, nor Cypress grow,
Nor Holly-bush, nor bitter Elders bow ;
Let each unlucky Bird far build his Nest,
And distant Deas receive each howling Beast ;
Let Wolves be gone, and Rayens put to flight,
With hooting Owls and Bats that hate the Light.
But let the fighting Doves their Sorrows bring,
And Nighringales in sweet Complainings sing ;
Let Swans from their forsaken Rivers fly,
And Sick'ning at her Tomb make haste to dye,
That they may help to sing her Elegy.
Let Echo too, in Mimick Moan deplore,
And cry with me Pastora, is no more.
*I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn:
And Sable Clouds her chalky Cliffs adorn.*

And see the Heav'ns to weep in Dew prepare,
And heavy Mists obscure the burd'ned Air ;
sudden Damp o'er all the Plain, is spread,
Each Lilly folds its Leaves, and hangs its Head.
On ev'ry Tree the Blossoms turn to Tears,
And ev'ry Bough a weeping Moisture bears.
Their Wings the Feather'd Airy People droop,
And Flocks beneath their dewy Fleeces stoop.

The Rocks are cleft, and new descending Rills
furrow the Brows of all th' impending Hills.
The Water-Gods to Floods their Rivulets turn,
And each with streaming Eyes supplies his wanting Urn.

The Fawns forsake the Woods, the Nymphs the Grove,
and round the Plain in sad Distractions rove ;
In prickly Brakes their tender Limbs they tear,
And leave on Thorns their Locks of Golden Hair.

With their sharp Nails themselves the Satyrs wound,
and tugg their shaggy Beards, and bite with grief the
Ground.

(14)
Lo **Pastor** himself beneath a blasted Cedar tree but
Dejected lies, his Pipe in pieces broke :

See **Pales** weeping too, in Wild Despair from **Time**
And to the piercing **Winds** her Bosom bare **Woe** !

And see yond fading **Mystie**, where appears :
The Queen of Love all bath'd in flowing **Tears**,
See how she wrings her **Hands**, and beats her **Breast**,
And tears her useless **Girdle** from her **Waist**,
Hear the sad **Murmurs** of her sighing **Eyes**,
For Grief they sing forgetful of their **Loves**.

Lo **Love** himself with heavy **Woe** opprest,
See how his **Sorrows** swell his tender **Breast**,
His **Bow** he breaks, and wide his **Arrows** flings,
And folds his little **Arms**, and hangs his **Cloping Wings**,
Then lays his **Limbs** upon the dying **Chase**,
And all with **Tears** bedews his beauteous **Face** ;
With **Tears** which from his folded **Lids** arise,
And even **Love** himself has weeping **Eyes**,
All Nature mourns, the **Floods** and **Rocks** deplore,
And cry with me, **Pastor** is no more !

I mourn **Pastor** a dead, for Albion **doom**,
And Sable **Clouds** her **Charke** Cliffs **adorn**,

The **Rock**s can melt, and **Air** in **Mishean** moars,
And **Floods** can weep, and **Winds** to **Sighs** can turn,
The **Birds** in **Songs** their **Sorrows** can disclose,
And **Nymphs** and **Swains** in **words** can tell their **Woe**,
But oh ! behold that deep and wild **despair**,
Which neither **Winds** can shew, nor **Floods**, nor **Air**.

See the Great **Shepherd**, Chief of all the **Swains**,
Lord of these **Woods**, and wide extended **Plains**,
Stretch'd on the **Ground**, and close to Earth his **Face**,
Sealding with **Tears** th' already fading **Grass**,
To the cold **Clay** he joyns his throbbing **Breast**,
No more within **Pastor**'s **Arms** to rest.

more ! for those once soft and circling Arms
m^s themselves are Clay, and cold are all her Charms.
are those Lips, which he no more canst kill,
cold that Bosom, once all downy Bliss ;
whose soft Pillows, lulled in sweet Delights,
us'd in Balmy Sleep to lose the Nights.

h ! where is all that Love and Fondness fled ?
where is all that tender Sweetness laid ?
Dirt must all that Heav'n of Beauty claim !
must *Pastora* moulder in the Tomb !
Death ! more fierce and unrelenting far,
n wildest Wolves, or Savage Tygers are ;
h Lambs and Sheep their Hungers are appeas'd :
rav'ous Death the Shepherdess has seiz'd.
I mourn *Pastora* dead, let Albion mourn,
And Sable Clouds her Chalkie Cliffs adorn,

But see *Menalcas*, where a sudden Light
With Wonder stops my Song, and strikes my sight !
And where *Pastora* lies, it spreads around,
hewing all Radiant bright the Sacred Ground.
While from her Tomb, behold, a Flame ascends
Of whitest Fire, whose Flight to Heaven extends :
On flaky Wings it mounts, and quick as light
Cuts thro' the yielding Air with Rays of Light ;
Till the blue Firmament at last it gains,
And fixing there a glorious Star remains :
Fairest it seems of all that light the Skies,
*Once on Earth were seen *Pastora's* Eyes.*

The

The Despairing LOVER.

Distracted with Care,
For Phyllis the Fair
Since nothing cou'd move her,
Poor Damon her Lover
Resolves in Despair
No longer to languish,
Nor bear so much Anguish;
But mad with his Love,
To a Precipice goes,
Where a Leap from above,
Would soon finish his Woes.
When in Rage he came there,
Beholding how steep
The sides did appear,
And the bottom how deep;
His Torments projecting,
And sadly reflecting,
That a Lover forsaken
A new Love may get;
But a Neck when once broken,
Can never be set:
And that he cou'd die
When ever he wou'd;
But that he cou'd live
But as long as he cou'd:
How grievous soever
The Torture might grow,
He scorn'd to endeavour
To finish it so.
But Bold, Unconcern'd
At Thoughts of the Pain,
He calmly return'd
To his Cottage again.



8

JAN